

THE  
BAYS MISCELLANY,  
OR  
COLLEY Triumphant :

CONTAINING

- I. The PETTY-SESSIONS of POETS.
- II. The BATTLE of the POETS, or  
the Contention for the Laurel ; as  
it is now Acting at the New Theatre  
in the *Hay-Market*.
- III. The BATTLE of the POETS. An  
Heroic Poem. In Two Canto's.

With the True Characters of the several POETS  
therein mention'd ; and just Reasons why not  
qualify'd for the LAUREL.

The Whole design'd as a Specimen of those Gentle-  
mens Abilities, without Prejudice or Partiality.

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*Written by* SCRIBLERUS QUARTUS.

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L O N D O N :

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and Pamphletfellers of *London* and *Westminster* :

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# THE PETTY-SESSIONS OF POETS.

**W**HAT a racket and pother have been  
of late Days,  
With *Long-tails* and *Bob-tails* for Front-  
let of *Bays*?

All strove for the *Profit*, not one for the *Honour*;  
So scribled, petition'd, and harrafs'd the *Donor*.  
A Verdict was given in Favour of *Bob*,  
The Word carries *Magic*, and rithmes well to *Rob*.  
By sly *Innuendo* I'll mention a few,

Who never were reckon'd among the large Crew.

The first that appear'd, and who led up the *Van*,  
Was a peevish, mishapen'd, diminutive Man: \*\*

A Bard, who by help of \* *Physician* and † *Parson*,  
Went quickly to work, on his Chair set his A-- on,  
And murder'd old *Homer*; but of his own head,  
*Flesh-dy'd* with Blood, murder'd, mangled poor  
*Shakespear*, when dead.

Like a *Botcher*, he knew how to turn an old Coat,  
But not make a new one; and just so he wrote.

The † *Parson*, who boasted not much of the *Spirit*,  
Asserted his Claim, and said, he had most *Merit*;  
That oftner than *Proteus* he vary'd his Shape,  
Was *Draper*, *Examiner*, *Buffoon* and *Ape*.

That he many times brazen'd a manifold *Rub*,  
By taking upon him the *Tale of a Tub*:

He was therefore advised not to sue for the *Place*,  
'Till he first turned *Christian*, and prov'd he had  
*Grace*.

---

\*\* *Mr. P—e.*

\* *Dr. A.-b.-t.*

† *Dr. S—t.*

The



The next was a *Syllaba longa*, a 'Squire,  
 An Oil-Merchant once, but a Man of some Fire;  
 To pourtrait his *Gideon's* great Stature and Strength,  
 Made him strut in *Heroics* full eight feet in length.  
 But finding his Claim not supported by any,  
 He drop'd his Pretensions, and set up his Zany, \* }  
 As S—t had before done by Doctor D--l--y. \*\* }  
 To the Bays then the Zany endeavour'd to climb,  
 But could not make *Bombast* to pass for *Sublime*;  
 Extravagant Flight, and extravagant Thought,  
 To a groveling Condition this *Icarus* brought :  
 The Doctor for *Tales* and *Epistles* so famous,  
 In *Poetry Epic* was found *Ignoramus*.

A Title-page Monger, of all Men the oddest,  
 With Orator H——y, both equally modest,  
 Their Plea did put in; which, for want of a better,  
 Was, that they had once trump'd up a scandalous  
*Letter* : ††

The one was adjudg'd a most impudent Jester,  
 And the other sent down for † Correction to L—r.

A † Bantling of *Fortune* appear'd in the Rear,  
 Asserted his Title, which seem'd pretty clear;  
 But as he misused *Favour* shew'd him before,  
 'Twas not proper that he should receive any more.

Had I the Disposal, I'd have giv'n the Place  
 To a promising Youth, who the *Frontlet* would grace:  
 As †† *Scipio* not one of the Tribe half so fit,  
 If *Judgment*, good *Sense*, and an accurate *Wit*  
 Are Qualifications sufficient to raise  
 Our Esteem for the Man who does MERIT the Bays.

† *Gideon*, a Poem by A——n H——l, Esq;

\* M——t——l.

\*\* An Irish Clergyman,

Dr. S——t's Favourite.

†† H—g—r's Letter to

the B. of L——n.

† To the Tune of Now I have

gotten a Wife of my own.

† S——ge.

†† *Scipio Africanus*, a Tragedy by Mr. B--k--ham.



THE  
BATTLE  
OF THE  
POETS:  
OR THE  
Contention for the LAUREL.

As it is now Acting

At the NEW THEATRE in the Hay-Market;  
introduced as an intire *New* ACT to the Comi-  
cal Tragedy of TOM THUMB.

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Written by SCRIBLERUS TERTIUS.

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*Now, Bavius, take the Poppy from thy Brow,  
And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow:  
This, this is He, foretold by ancient Rhimes,  
Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian Times.*

DUNCIAD.





A N E W

# PROLOGUE,

The first Night of the young COMPANY's acting this Season, at the NEW THEATRE in the Hay-Market; in Behalf of those that came there from the other three Play-houses.

Spoke by Mr. ROBERTS.

**A**S youthful Soldiers, bred to Wars Alarms,  
Disdain soft Peace, and love to shine in Arms;  
Fortune and Fame with glowing Transport view,  
And where They fly, with lab'ring Steps pursue.

So we, grown weary of inactive Life,  
Have dar'd to enter this ambitious Strife!  
Fond, flattering Hope, to our desiring Eyes,  
Presents your Favours, tempts us now to rise,  
And bravely strive for such a glorious Prize.  
Long the bright Ornaments of DRURY's Stage  
Have been the darling Favourites of the Age;  
But greedy Fate, and Time's destroying Hand,  
The generous Purpose of their Souls withstand.  
Since then, in their declining, Others rise,  
Blameless we may with Those dispute the Prize.  
If Their Endeavours patient you attend,  
The like Indulgence may to Us extend.

We hope to please—Let Youth atone each Fault,  
Nothing at once is to Perfection brought:  
The Seeds of Judgment, like the Fruit of Trees,  
Wake into Life, and ripen by Degrees.  
Young Cyons, e're they flourish, must take Root;  
The Spring must usher in the Summer Fruit.

Bid us but hope you will regard our Toil,  
And with your Influence bless our barren Soil;



# The PROLOGUE.

*Whatever new or ancient will improve,  
 Or still to Innocent Delight may move,  
 And give New Pleasure for each different Night,  
 Us to the Task shall rouse, You to attend invite.  
 Our Souls assiduous shall no Labour spare,  
 That may instruct us to be worth your Care :  
 We'll strive, as all Predecessors strove,  
 Still at Perfection aiming, upwards move,  
 And be, in Time, we hope, what you may all approve.*

## Dramatis Personae.

Fopling Fribble, Coment Profund, Sulky Bathos, Noctifer, Flaile.	}	<i>Candidates for the Laurel.</i>	}	<i>Mr. Woodward.                      Mr. Lacy.                      Mr. Ayres.                      Mr. Roberts.                      Mr. Morgan.</i>
Lord Truetaste, Lord Grizzle, Noodle, Doodle.	}	<i>Judges of the Contention.</i>	}	<i>Mr. Furnival.                      Mr. Jones.                      Mr. Reynolds.                      Mr. Wathen.</i>
Dangle, Dismal.	}	<i>Officers of the Laurel.</i>	}	<i>Mr. Harvard.                      Mr. Cross.</i>

*The other Characters, as usual in Tom Thumb.*



THE  
BATTLE of the POETS;  
OR THE  
*Contention for the* LAUREL.

*Enter King Arthur, Queen Huncamunca, Lord Noodle, Lord Truetafte, and Lord Doodle.*

KING.

“ **T** HIS is the Wedding-day  
“ Of Princess *Huncamunca* and *Tom*  
“ *Thumb* :

Fetch me my Laureat quickly, let him write  
On *Huncamunca*'s Marriage with *Tom Thumb*,  
Epithalamiums full of Frisk and Fun.

*Nood.* Alas! my Lord, your noble Laureat's dead.

*King.* Ha! dead! Is't possible?

*Griz.* My Liege, 'tis true.

*King.* Witness, ye Powers, I have not in my Realm  
One fit to wear the Laurel after him!

Yet, my good Lords, with officious Haste

Summon the Sons of *Crambo*, 'tis our Will

They should appear, and rhyme it for the Bays:

You, my good Lords, shall judgeth'ambitious Strife,

And where 'tis most deserv'd, the Wreath bestow.

[*Exeunt King, &c.*

*Nood.* Haste, fly my Lord, and bid the Tribe  
convene. [To Doodle,

*Griz.* He need not--Even now around the Door  
A numerous Tribe of Rhimesters waiting stand,  
Thick as in fly-blown Mutton Maggots breed,

Or

Or Ravens hov'ring o'er an Horse defunct,  
 They croud the Palace Gate.  
 New Mushrom-Poets of a Night start up,  
 With dirty Fingers reaching at the Bays,  
 And bawl their Merit forth in hobling Verse.  
 Tinkers, Sow-gelders, Threshers, Footmen, Pimps,  
 Old punning Coblers, Taylors insolent,  
 And scribbling snotty-nos'd Attorneys Clerks,  
 Put in their equal Claim ———

*Nood.* Admit 'em them —

We'll hear these brave *Parnassian* Peers contend.  
 First, let the senior Bard approach our Ears.

[Doodle goes out, and returns with a Paper.]

*Dood.* My Lord, I cannot get the Senior to approach.

*Nood.* Why, what is he ?

*Griz.* A punning Cobar! An excellent Toad  
 at writing Pindaricks! He's a great Critick too.

*Dood.* Yonder he stands without, talking to his  
 gaping Brethren, of the Strength of Genius! the  
 great Hints! the supernatural Emotion! the *Soar-*  
*atherial* Conceptions.

*Nood.* Heyday! Heyday! Are you sure his  
 Brain is not touch'd ?

*Griz.* Brain touch'd ! Why his Judgment is now  
 full ripe.

*Nood.* I fear it will be found like a Medlar, not  
 only ripe, but rotten — But has he sent in any  
 Verses ?

*Dood.* Yes, yes, here they are.

*Nood.* Read 'em, my Lord *Truetaste*.

[Doodle gives the Paper to *Truetaste*.]

*True.* [After perusing a little] I'll try, but I fear  
 I shan't do him Justice, they are so very sublime.

[Reads.]

*Oh! vast Profundity, hail mighty Power!*

*Thy Influence shed*

*On this devoted Head!*

*An happy Hour*

*Scenes*



*Stands smiling in the Book of Fate;  
Ah ! let me snatch it e'er too late !*

*The shady Laurel even now  
Awaits this ancient Brow ;  
Which if I lose,  
I like a Goose,*

*Or sullen Bittern on the Danube's Shore,*

*Among the Reeds slow-swinging o'er*

*The rapid Stream, shall hum, or buz, or roar.*

*Nood.* Give my Service to him, and tell him, I think he's too sublime for a *Laureat* ; but I'll use my Interest to make him *Thunderer* at one of the Play-houses.

*Griz.* Lord, Sir, he does not write for Interest: Reputation, Fame, immortal Fame, is what he aims at.

*True.* Then tell him I think he's an extraordinary Person, and that his Verses are most wonderfully wonderful. [Exit Doodle.

*Enter Doodle and Profund.*

*Nood.* Who is this, my Lord ?

*Prof.* May it please your Lordship, I was brought up an Attorney, but finding my Capacity above that Business, and having a Taste for Poetry, I inclined my Study that way : As a Proof of my Learning, I have restored the ancient Reading of *Jack the Giant-killer*, and written a Comment upon *Thomas Hickathrift*.

*Nood.* Do you write fluently, Sir ?

*Prof.* Sir, in that I dare affirm,

*None but myself can be my Parallel.*

My envious Brethren think I only plod on in a beaten Road, like a Pack-horse, but they are maliciously mistaken. I write Plays and Operas with the utmost Expedition ; and I can't blow my Nose, but out flies an Entertainment.

*Nood.* Pray, Sir, give us a Specimen of your Poetry. [Profund takes a Paper out of his Pocket.  
*Prof.*

Prof. reads. " In Days of Yore full-fam'd was  
*Hickathrift,*

" A peerless Wight, of Bags great Store had he.  
Your modern Publishers and Printers have it so,  
*but at my peril let it stand corrected thus :*

" Full fam'd was *Hickathrift* in Days of Yore,  
" Great Store of Gold had he, a peerless Wight.

As for the first, let all the Commentators in *Eu-  
rope* set their Heads together, and ring as many  
Changes upon it, as were rung upon the Bells in  
*Cornhill*, I'll undertake to give 'em twenty more ;  
and as to the second Line, *having great Store of  
Bags* — as I humbly apprehend, is having just  
nothing ; but in my Reading, I change the *Con-  
tainer, Bags*, for the *Contained, Gold* ; which is ab-  
solutely, upon the Word of a Scholiast, much —  
much better.

Nood. Sir, this may be very learned for what I  
know, but your Poetry is what I want.

Prof. Sir, I have a Specimen, which I don't  
doubt will meet with your Approbation ; there's  
a Song in it, which my singing Back will perform  
in a high Flight, and such a Flight as Mortal ne-  
ver flew.

*Lo ! what my Brain prolifick can produce,  
Full of Surprise and Wonder ! in my Verse  
Heaven, Earth, Air, Hell, Seas, Fire together blend  
And sympathize —*

Now, if you please, I'll call in my Back to sing  
the Song. [Goes to the Door.

*Enter Songstero.*

A I R. Flights of Cupids hover round me,  
Flights of Bats and Owls hover round me,  
Clap your merry, merry sounding Wings ;  
Flights of Bats and Owls hover round me,  
Whilst transported thus a jolly Poet sings ;  
Laurel spreading,  
My Brow shading,  
Io! *Victoria!* this Sonnet brings.

*True.*

*True.* Well, 'tis a very good Song, and we'll consider on't—So retire a Moment.

[*Exeunt Prof. and Song.*]

*Enter Fopling Fribble.*

*True.* Mr. *Fribble*, I am glad to see you, we are now proceeding to an Election—pray, Mr. *Fribble*, if you stand as a Candidate, make a few extempore Lines.

*Frib.* *Lightning rivet me in the Embraces* of my Muse eternally if I don't—Allons, my Dear, the Subject! the Subject!

*Nood.* We want an Epithalamium on *Tom Thumb's* Marriage with the Princess *Huncamunca*.

*Frib.* Ay, ay, my Dear, I'll do't—hum! let me see!

*The most diminutive Tom Thumb*

*Is a very great Man, gad strike me dumb;*

*And the fine Princess Huncamunca too,*

*Shall wed him without any more ado.*

*The Sun himself shall rise by Break of Day,*

*To see the Bride and Bridegroom all so gay;*

*And when that they are wed, and come from Church,*

*And at the Table sit in easy Chairs——*

*Griz.* Hold, hold, Mr. *Fribble*, *easy Chairs* don't rhyme to *Church*.

*Frib.* Hah! gadso, that's true—let me see—strike me speechless if I can find a Word that will rhyme to *Church*—oh! now Sir!

*And placed up on high, on large Joint-stools.*

*Griz.* Olud! why *Joint-stools* rhymes to *Church* worse than *easy Chairs*.

*Frib.* Psha! Pox, if you stand so hard for a Rhime, the Devil would—be a Poet Laureat.

*Griz.* True, Mr. *Fribble*, pray go on.

*Frib.* Now, my Dears, as I suppose, the Epithalamium is to be sung, I'll vary the Movement, for the Benefit of the Musick—hold!—hum!



—ay— Seated on Joint-stools was the last—  
Well then!—ay, ay, right—

Then round go the Bowls,  
To chear our Souls;  
Our Pipes we will funk a,  
For the Honour of great Huncamunca;  
And as for Tom Thumb,  
Say nothing but Mum:

For him we'll be damnable drunk a—  
When he peeps in her Eyes,  
For to see the Smiles rise,  
Well pleas'd with the Pinking,  
And Winking,  
And Blinking,

All other Maids he'll despise.  
When the Day-light is fled,  
And they're going to Bed;  
When the Princess is smerking,  
And Tom pulls off his Jerkin—

Now 'tis decent to leave them there; and for the  
Chorus of all—

To the Tune of, *Non e Sivago.*  
Sing Smerking,  
And Jerkin,  
And Jerkin,  
And Smerking, &c.

[Noise without.] We'll all come, we will come in.  
Nood. What means this Insolence?

Enter Sulky Bathos—Noctifer—and Profund.

Bath. Impatient of the nipping eager Frost,  
And willing soon to understand our Doom,  
We thus approach.

Noct. Your Ear, my Lord, I crave!

Nood. Speak what thou art.

Noct. I whilom, in a Cavern closely pent,  
Midst *Carmen* (brawny brave *Athletick* Chiefs)  
Where *Bub* salacious crown'd the slabber'd Board,  
And curling Whifs of strong Mundungus rise,

Conun-

Conundrums Laughter-moving oft have cull'd,  
Then in the Orchard's bloomy Shade reclin'd  
Of Lovers in a Bower, the Fairies dance,  
Descending Showers, the Midnight prowling  
Wolves,

Of Star-light Nights, of Moon-shine, Frost, and  
Heat,

And Owls and Bats full well devis'd to sing.

*Pro.* Psha! I hope my Owls and Bats fly better  
than his.

*Bath.* Rot your blind Bats, pox and confound  
your Owls :

Dar'st thou such tuneless Dissonance rehearse,  
And impudently call it *Milton's* Strain,  
Where barbarous Nonsense with undaunted Stare  
Thro' the vast Heap of grim Confusion grins,  
Dar'st thou,

Thou dangling Under-Spur-leather of Law,  
Attempt the Bays? Be dumb, ye Slaves, be dumb!

Have I so long at Wit and Merit roar'd  
In thundering Prose, or in Pindarick Hail!

Have I so often at the *Popeian* popt,  
The Head of *Lacrymosa ruppi* lop'd,  
Detected the *Poppysmas* too, and now  
To be confronted by a Pack of Elves!

Be gone, and take it for sufficient Praise,  
When it is said, you durst contend with me.

*Frib.* Mad, mad! by the World, insuperably mad.

*Pro.* Read mine, my Lord —

*Noth.* I'm recommended by —

*Bath.* They can't be so good as mine —

*Frib.* I wish your Lordship wou'd  
peruse.

} All four  
speak to-  
gether.

*Griz.* Be silent all! — On gay extended Wings  
Ye Insects, in the Sun-shine of a Court  
Grown warm, you're troublesome;  
Depart the Room! Go leave us, we'll debate  
In Private where to place the Dignity.

*Frib.* Ah, ah! 'tis mine! — I see 'tis mine!  
I have carried the Day.

*Nood.* You, Mr. *Fribble*, stay.

*Frib.* Brethren, farewell.

*Bath.* Fare thee well;

Ill Luck awaits me, and ill I must fare.

[*Exeunt Bath. Pro. and Noth.*

[*A Noise without.*]

*True* Pray keep back.

*Flail.* Clear the Way, and let a Body come in.

[*Within.*

*Griz.* What bustling Fellow is that?

*Flail.* Wauns, I will come in, I'se tell you but  
that.

[*Within.*

*Enter Flail.*

Why, what a Thrusting and Squeezing is here!  
Odsflesh, if this be coming to Court —

*True.* Pray, my Lord, upon what Account is  
this Fellow introduced?

*Flail.* Whoy, I'm but a West-country Thresher;  
but I heard Volk were a making Varfes vor a  
Place at Court, zo I come to zhow my Zel; for  
an Rhiming be all, I'ze rhyme as thick as Hail, I  
warrant ye.

*Griz.* Have you ever been acquainted with  
Poetry?

*Flail.* Ah! — Laud help your Head, read Poe-  
try, quotha! I've read *Patient Grizzle*, the *Babes*  
*i' the Wood*, *Chevy-Chace*, and the *Dragon o' Wantley*.

*Nood.* You're learned.

*Flail.* Learned, oy, oy — or else I'd ne'er  
made Varfes for our Bell-man this ten Years —  
Nay I can crack Jokes in Rhime: At *Joan Drake's*  
Christning of her last Child, I made zuch Varfes,  
the old Gossips were ready to die with Laughter:  
— Nay, they'd make your Hair stand on End to  
read 'em, they be so vull of Wit.

*True.*



*True.* Oh, you set up for a Wit then — that's the worst thing you can do — the Title of a Wit never carries the Laurel.

*Flail.* Noa ! waunds, I thought they were all Wits — so plaguy zharp, that a Country Fellow cou'd not speak to 'um, but zure they are no cunninger, d'ye see, than other Volk — I'll zoon try my Skill.

*As Dolly and Roger together lay*

*Behind a Cock of new-made Hay,*

*Quoth Roger to Dolly, Ah ! let me now !*

*Noa, Roger, quoth she, you shan't I vow,*

*If ye liken to wed me, ye may play*

*With me quite thro' the live long Day.*

*Quo' Hodge, we may play, but how shall we live ?*

*My Father, quo' Doll, five Pounds will give.*

*At this young Roger began to smerk ;*

*Besides, quo' Doll, I can stitch with a Jerk.*

*Hoh ! hoh ! hoh !*

*Nood.* Oh pox, Mr. Thresher, — you're a meer Wag.

*Flail.* Oy, oy, you zee Iz'e a very Wag. —

*True.* Well, Mr. — What's your name, withdraw a little, and you shall be answer'd.

[*Exit Flail.*

*Nood.* Well, in my Opinion, Mr. *Fribble* has carried it from 'em all, and so Lord *Grizzle* proceed.

[*They rise and come to the Front of the Stage, Grizzle leading Fribble.*

*Griz.* As pendent Bushes shew the Sale of Wine,  
And *Pontack's* Head denotes good Food within,  
Thee, from thy Verses, *Laureat* I pronounce.

[*To Frib.*

Call in the Ministers in solemn Form,  
Invest his Temples with the glorious Bays.

[*Exit Doodle, and Enter Dismal and Dangle with Laurels.*

*Dism.* Are all Materials ready ?

*Nood.*

*Nood.* Sir, they are.

*Dis.* With both my Eyes I have the Room survey'd,

And can't espy the Mug of potent Ale.

*Dang.* Ale! Sir,——you mean Sack.

*Dis.* Sir, I said Ale, and mean to be obey'd.

[*Enter Servant with a Tankard.*

[*Dangle sits—Fribble kneels before him.*]

*Dang.* Since to the Stroke of all devouring Fate  
Laureats, like other common Scriblers, yield,  
And thou art chosen to maintain the Post  
Which thy great Predecessor whilom fill'd,  
Hail, Son mature! Undaunted Poet, hail!  
Thee from the Origin of Things fore-doom'd  
To wear the Bays, I ween:  
No common Honour waits thy ample Brow;  
Thou Prince of Poets shall distinguish'd stand,  
And chaunt in Strains unrival'd *Arthur's* Praise.  
Mark well the Oath, which th'art firmly bound  
Sacred to hold, and every Part fulfil.

[*Fribble lays his Hand upon the Laurel.*

[*The O A T H.*]

When you write *Sonnets*, swear no finish'd Lines,  
Where easy Wit in just Expression shines,  
Shall once appear.—To be no thieving Afs,  
(Tho' hard thy Forehead as *Corinthian* Brass)  
Profoundly swear, lest what you call your own  
Be prov'd another's, for your Parts are known.  
Whene'er you choose an *Epigram* to write,  
Swear to be waggish, very unpolite;  
In *Elegy* that you will ne'er appear  
Natural, Easy, Strong, Succinct or Clear;  
If to the *Odes*, *Pindarick Odes*, you soar,  
To be stark mad, and like a Tempest roar;  
And when in *Satyr* you delight to rail,  
To write with toothless Head, and stingleless Tail;  
In *Panegyrics* daub your Patron well.  
In all thy Thoughts and Actions still be sure

To

To mock the Force of Intrepidity.

" *All Nonsense thus of old or modern Date,*

" *Shall in thee center, from thee circulate.*

[Dangle drinks, and gives the Tankard to Fribble.

Frib. All this I swear, I'll prove to all Mankind,  
None better for this Honour is design'd :

Already they perceive how I can write,

This be my Poison but I'll do thee Right. [*Drinks.*

[*The Officers put the Wreath on his Head.*]

The SONG.

[Tune of, *What a pox would you be at* ———

I.

Frib. } *My Temples around*  
sings. } *With Laurel thus bound,*  
*All you that behold at present a,*  
*Shall find I have Wit*  
*For my Post very fit,*  
*By Nature I seem for it meant a.*

II.

*Sure no Wretch will dare*  
*With me to compare,*  
*Nor meagre grim Satyrists flout me;*  
*For the highest Degree*  
*Of Quality see*  
*The Paraphronalia about me.*

III.

*I've a Bronze in my Face,*  
*In my Carriage a Grace,*  
*Which has oft been expos'd to the Town a.*  
*At my Plays, tho' the Croud*  
*Have hiss'd very loud,*  
*Egad they cou'd ne'er hiss me down a.*

IV.

*For next New-year's Day,*  
*I'll show you a Lay*  
*Writ with such Spirit, Force and Energy,*  
*And in such a Strain,*  
*As ne'er flow'd from the Brain*  
*Of the late witty Son of the Clergy.*

V.



V.

*Since now of good Sack  
I shall ne'er know the Lack,  
The Flights of my Fancy pursuing,  
With Surprize you shall view  
The Laureat out-do*

*His wonderful usual OUT-DOING.*

*With a Fal, &c.*

*Nood.* The grand Proceſſion only now remains,  
which I will go prepare. *[Exit.]*

*True.* Haſte and capariſon, with wondrous Speed,  
The Aſs that's deſtin'd to ſupport the Weight  
Of this our peerleſs Bard, and round proclaim  
His Honours in quaint Songs and Roundelays.

*[Exeunt in Form.]*

*[Mob without, buzzaing! and Flourish of  
Trumpets and Muſick.]*

*Enter King Arthur, Grizzle, and Courtiers, meeting  
Lord Noodle, &c. who give the King an Ac-  
count of Tom Thumb's being ſwallowed up by  
the Cow. The King expreſſes his Concern for this  
Miſfortune in the following Speech.*

*K. Arth.* Now, where's my Laureat? Let his  
Strains of Joy  
To Horror and Confuſion all be turn'd;  
Let all the World run mad. Is there not Cauſe?  
In what ill-fated Hour was I conceiv'd,  
That thus a gloomy Cloud ſhould over-caſt  
My Dawn of Joy!—

*Enter Ghoſt.*

Oh horrid killing Sight!  
Start, glaring Eye-balls, from your Sockets ſtart:  
Ten thouſand Furies with your brandiſh'd Snakes  
Now laſh my Soul, and thro' the vaſt Abyſs  
Purſue me with Variety of Pain:  
*Cerberus* gape, and ſwallow me alive.  
*Promethean Vulturs* gnaw my lab'ring Heart,  
Let me, *Ixion*, to thy Wheel be chain'd,

Or,

Or, *Syſiphus*, thy ponderous Labour urge,  
But not behold yon grizly Spectre's Face.

[*Upon this Grizzle kills the Ghost, and he is there-  
upon kill'd by one of the Courtiers, and his Death  
is likewise reveng'd by another, and so on till all  
the Characters on the Stage are destroyed.*]

This now I take to be an unprecedented Incident of *Scriblerus Secundus*; and therefore to correct this Error of my elder Brother's, I have introduced the *Laureat* to conclude the Play with the following Speech.

*Enter Fribble.*

Ah cruel Death! what Havock hast thou made  
In the best fairest Part of all Mankind!  
Since these bright Orbs are blotted from their  
Spheres,

Nature appears an universal Blank.

No Day unconscious of your Worth shall pass;  
Sooner shall *Fleet-ditch* clearer run than *Thames*,  
A Make-weight Candle darken *Titan's* Beams,  
PROFUND write Sense, and BATHOS be a Wit,  
And *Milton's* Strain to NOCTIFER's submit,  
E'er I, immortal Peers, your Praise forget. }





THE  
BATTLE of the POETS;  
AN  
Heroick POEM.

---

In TWO CANTO'S.

---

CANTO I.

**T**HY Forest, *Windsor*, and the dreadful Day,  
That swept such Numbers of our Bards  
away,

The happy Few that home with Conquest came,  
The penive Many that return'd with Shame,  
I sing. Indulge, *Calliope*, my Verse,  
While I the Horrors of the War rehearse;  
How Poets doubly in their Works were slain,  
When the big Volumes cover'd all the Plain;  
How little Witlings, like Enthusiasts, fought,  
For the same Cause, they knew not why, they  
wrote,

First, Goddess, for thou know'st, instruct my Tongue,  
To tell the Source whence the Dissention sprung.

*Phæbus* from high beheld, with Patience, long,  
The Lust of Int'rest, and the Trade of Song;  
He saw the jilting Tricks that Fortune play'd,  
Observ'd the partial Jumble Chance had made;  
How some the Meteors of the Vulgar flew,  
While greater Merit silently withdrew.

Resolv'd no longer such Affronts to bear,  
That each the Laurels he deserv'd might wear,  
Thus,



Thus, calling to his Aid fair *Maia's* Son,  
The ever-youthful God of Verse begun.

Fly, *Hermes*, fly to that distinguish'd Shore,  
Where *Dryden* late *Apollo's* Laurels wore ;  
Thus says the *Delphic* God, to all proclaim,  
That plead the Sanction of a Poet's Name,  
Long has Confusion ravag'd round the Plain,  
And Discord rul'd among the Muse's Train ;  
Without Distinction, to the Art's Disgrace,  
The greater gives the lesser Genius place ;  
Hence who are strenuous to restore their Right,  
Are thus by *Phæbus* summon'd to the Fight.  
His Arms let each advent'rous Chief prepare,  
And I the God will be in Person there,  
To see that all with Justice may submit,  
By Force of Learning, and by Dint of Wit.  
To him who longest shall maintain the Field,  
This very Chaplet on my Brows I yield.  
May ev'ry Son of Verse my Will obey,  
On *Windsor's* Forest to decide the Day.

He spoke, and *Hermes*, quick at his Command,  
Convey'd the Message thro' the Muse's Land,  
All thank'd the God for his Indulgence shown,  
For all were certain of the Laurel Crown ;  
There's not a Bard but panted for the Day,  
From *Pope* and *Philips* down to *Trap* and *Gay*.  
All view their Forces, and correct each Line,  
And swear at ev'ry Word, *The Chaplet's mine*.

Goddeſs, of Verse ſupreme, immortal Maid,  
Lend in the greateſt Time of Need thine Aid ;  
O'er all the Labours of my Song preſide,  
And thro' the arduous Task thy Herald guide ;  
With Juſtice let my Praise, or Cenſure, be,  
For ev'ry Poet's Worth is known to thee ;  
And firſt the Leaders, and their Forces tell,  
Allies, and Neuters, for thou know'ſt them well.

First on the Plain a mighty General came,  
 In Merit great, but greater far in Fame,  
 In shining Arms advanc'd, and *Pope* his Name. }  
 A pond'rous Helm he wore, adorn'd with Care,  
 And for the Plume *Belinda's* ravish'd Hair.  
 Arm'd at all Points the Warrior took the Field,  
 With *Windsor's* Forest painted on his Shield.  
 Next him approach'd, whose Glory shin'd from far,  
*Wesley*, and on his Shield the *Sex's War*.  
 Then march'd in Order, *Fenton*, *Tounge*, and *Dart*,  
 With each a share of Genius, and of Art;  
 Beneath their Arms, vainly secure of Praise,  
 Translations, Poems, and a Guard of Plays.  
 Three Captains next appear, *Trap*, *Cibber*, *Gay*,  
 Heading a Thousand Witlings of a Day.  
 In warlike Order rang'd, the Chief survey'd  
 His fighting Sons of Verse, and thus he said.

Brothers of Song, and Fellow-Soldiers, hear;  
 We've yet no Foes to dread, nor Cause to fear;  
 Dismay'd perhaps they Battle now decline,  
 And own, without a War, the Chaplet mine.  
 But think not, Friends, I shall engross the Praise,  
 No, let each Chieftain share his Worth of Bays.  
 But if at last ye should the Foe behold,  
 Be wisely valiant, not too rashly bold.  
 Beware of *Welsed*, in the warring Throng,  
 Wise as *Ulysses*, and as *Ajax* strong;  
 Avoid his Arm, nor too presumptuous be,  
 For he's a Victim worthy only me.  
 Or should you *Philips* in the Battle spy,  
 'Tis Death to meet him, and 'tis wise to fly.  
*Belinda* be the word; and when I nod,  
 Review your Forces, and invoke the God.

So spoke the Chief; and soon was heard from far,  
 The noisy Promise of a dreadful War;  
 With Shouts, and loud Huzza's, they pierc'd the  
 Sky,

And seem'd to speak a hot Engagement nigh.

Hill

*Hill* usher'd in a party-colour'd Train,  
 In Merit equal to himself, and vain.  
 His brazen Coat of Mail was cover'd through,  
 With stripes of Silk, each of a various hue;  
 While Sattin Streamers o'er his Helmet play,  
 To emulate the Sun, and paint the Day.  
 Upon his Helmet's Front was *Gideon* plac'd;  
 And his broad Shield a Round of Titles grac'd.  
 Then for the Fight a motly Train prepare,  
 Resolv'd the Fortunes of their Guide to share;  
 In mimick Armour near their Prince they stand;  
 And *Amazonta* at her Lord's Right-Hand;  
 With Hundreds more at Distance on the Green;  
 Bards seldom heard of, and as seldom seen.  
 As thus they stood, quick to their Army ran  
 A Messenger from *Pope*, and thus began:

Thus from our Leader was I bid to say,  
 To you who come Spectators of the Day;  
 To some secure Retreat at distance go,  
 Nor stop the Passage of th'expected Foe,  
 Where you with Safety may behold from far,  
 If such is your Desire, the coming War.

He spoke and bow'd; then to his Prince return'd,  
 While *Hill* with Envy, and Resentment, burn'd.  
 Spectators of the Day! Heart stabbing Sound!  
 But Oh! my Sword shall strike a deeper Wound!  
 Rage-giving Words! Spectators of the Day!  
 But this shall do much more than he can say.  
 And then he storms, and wields his Sword in Air,  
 And threatens *Pope*; but lo! no *Pope* is there.  
 So have I seen a Bull in angry Mood,  
 Thirsty and raving for a Rival's Blood,  
 Beat with his Hoofs the Ground, and tear the Plain;  
 And, lowing, gore th'impassive Trees in vain.

As full of Anguish all the Soldiers stand,  
 And with Impatience wait their Chief's Command,  
 Revolving Vengeance in their tortur'd Mind,  
 Surpriz'd they see their Destiny behind;

The



The big Resolves, that they had plan'd before,  
 Are fled, and they are now themselves no more.  
 Fearful to fight, and yet asham'd to run,  
 They wait the Dangers that they cannot shun.  
*Welsted* to War a youthful Army led,  
 Born on *Parnassus*, on *Parnassus* bred;  
 Himself a Godlike Chief, deriv'd from *Jove*,  
 Whom much *Apollo*, and the *Muses*, love.  
 Upon his Helm the *Roman* Swan appears,  
 And *Horace* shining thro' a Length of Years.  
 Upon his Shield's the happy Grove below,  
 Where all that sing like him are sure to go.  
 And there *Lavinia* by her Dream betray'd,  
 And *Acon* smiling on the ravish'd Maid.  
 Him *Beckingham* obey'd, from *Phæbus* sprung,  
 And, like *Apollo*, beardless, fair, and young;  
 His Chief's belov'd, the *Muse's* early Care,  
 And where he goes, his Guard, the *Muse*, is there.  
 Next *Pitt* advanc'd, skill'd in the Charms of Rhyme,  
 Himself the *Vida* of the present Time.  
 These *Amburst* join'd, in Song a blooming Youth,  
 A strict Adherer to the Cause of Truth.  
 Him *Jacob* follow'd, with his curious Dame,  
 And in his tragick Muse secure of Fame.  
 Next *Mottley* came, of *Heliconian* Birth,  
 Whose greatest Fault is Diffidence of Worth.  
 To these their Chieftain in a Strain begun,  
 That spoke the Prince, Companion, Friend, in One.  
 Friends, and Allies, first let my Thanks be paid  
 'To you, who bring me your spontaneous Aid.  
 What may not I presume, when thus I see,  
 Worthies like you neglect the Wreath for me?  
 Well may I soar the Laurel Crown to gain,  
 When such as you assert my Right to reign.  
 Follow to Arms my Chiefs, secure of Fame,  
 And sacred be to War *Zelinda's* Name.  
 He ended thus; then they prepare to go,  
 And cut their Passage to the distant Foe.

*Hill* saw them glitter terrible from far,  
 And trembled at their dazling Gleam of War.  
 With a forc'd Courage to his Men he cry'd,  
 On let us march in Terror-giving Pride;  
 And *Amazona* never leave my Side.  
 He spoke, and lo! they met upon the Plain,  
 And *Welshed* ey'd him with a stern Disdain;  
 To conquer him he left his Chiefs the Fame,  
 And, smiling, bore away the Captive Dame.  
 In *Jacob*, *Hill* a Match unequal found,  
 Nor with his *Gideon* could maintain his Ground;  
 All his Artillery of Wit he drew,  
 Which at one Line of his to Shatters flew;  
 While *Pitt*, and *Mottley*, with the rest engage,  
 And routed Hundreds with a single Page.  
 Thus with Success their Arms begun the Day,  
 And thus to nobler Conquests clear'd their way.  
 Mean while the Chief, the brave *Virago* sent,  
 Safe with a Convoy to his Royal Tent.  
 Scarce had he gave his Orders, but was seen,  
*Pope*, and his Army, marching o'er the Green.  
 Forward he sprung to meet th'approaching Foe,  
 Eager his great Antagonist to know;  
 Resolv'd with him singly to try his Fate,  
 With him of whom Report had spoke so great.

The Armies meet, the Word the Leaders give,  
 And all the Signal for the Fight receive.  
 Satyrs, Epistles, Verses to the Fair;  
 Songs, Epigrams, and Plays, are thrown in Air:  
 Translations, Elegies, the Epick Strain,  
 Are made the Sport of Winds, and hide the Plain.  
 Some are made stronger than they were before,  
 And some are forc'd to fall, to rise no more.  
*Cibber*, and *Gay*, upon the Ground are thrown,  
 And all their Labours perish——all their own.  
 One cries aloud upon a noble Peer;  
 The other wishes that his Chief was near.

Relent-

Relentless Youth, *Cibber* to *Amburst* cry'd,  
 The careless Husband's sav'd; but *Cibber* dy'd.  
*Gay* swears to *Beckingham*, but all in vain,  
 He'll ne'er attempt the Tragick Scene again.  
 Flush'd with Success, the youthful Warrior sprung,  
 And thought himself alone a Match for *Tounge*;  
 Alas! he finds the rash Mistake too late,  
 And by inglorious Flight eludes his Fate;  
 He left, for Fortune to his Flight was kind,  
 Only the Suff'rings of *Rapin* behind.  
 With Zeal transported for the *Mantuan Swain*,  
*Pitt* chac'd his vile Translator o'er the Plain;  
 Resolv'd to right the injur'd *Virgil's* Wrong,  
 By *Trapp* so alter'd in the *English* Song;  
 Tortur'd and mangled, in his wretched Prose,  
 More than *Deiphobus* by *Grecian* Foes.  
 Without Remorse his Men the Caitiff bind,  
 And turn his useless Volumes to the Wind.

Mean while the Chiefs a single Combat fought,  
 With the same Spirit and the Care they wrote;  
 A dreadful Conflict they awhile maintain'd;  
 But *Pope*, at last, with his own Blood was stain'd.  
 When he his Foe impenetrable found,  
 Scarce had he Courage to support his Ground;  
 But since of Arms he had the larger Store,  
 He from his Wounds grew stronger than before.

And now the Sun darted a feeble Ray,  
 And left a doubtful Field, a doubtful Day;  
 But yet the Rage of War continued high,  
 Till thickest Darknes had obscur'd the Sky;  
 Each Hero scarce his Adversary sees,  
 Nor could they well distinguish Men from Trees.  
 The Chiefs the Signal give the Fight to end,  
 And thus the Battle, till the Morn, suspend.



## C A N T O II.

**W**HILE in their Camp retir'd both Armies  
lay,

Some panting, others fearful, for the Day,  
*Eusden*, a Laurel'd Bard, by Fortune rais'd,  
By very few been read, by fewer prais'd;  
From place to place, forlorn and breathless, flies,  
And offers Bribes immense for strong Allies.  
In vain he spent the Day, the Night in vain;  
For all the Laureat, and his Bribes, disdain.  
With Heart dejected he return'd alone,  
Upon the Banks of *Cham*, to make his moan;  
Resolv'd to spend his future Days in ease,  
And only toil in Verse himself to please;  
'To fly the noisy Candidates of Fame,  
Nor ever court again so coy a Dame,  
But *Dennis*, lo! the modern Author's Dread,  
Who captive Wit has oft in Triumph led,  
The Scourge of Fools, who gives to Worth its due,  
And always to the Cause of Virtue true,  
Odious of late to each Pretender grown,  
But to the Wise his hoary Judgment's known,  
Forth to the Field with a new Ardor sprung,  
And in the Winter of his Labours young;  
Like *Diomede*, design'd to bear away  
More Honours by the Night than some by Day.  
Dauntless he ranges round the Field for Spoil,  
Nor wants *Ulysses* to partake his Toil.  
Silent he goes where *Welshed's* Army lay,  
The Terror of their Forces to survey;  
There by the Blaze of their nocturnal Fires,  
He views their Arms, and, as he views, admires;  
But of a sudden on his Brows appear,  
The Frowns of Wrath, that shew'd the Danger near.  
Backward he started, and his Sword he drew,  
And wounded *Welshed's* Preface thro' and thro'.

His Bosom swell'd with Rage, but all in vain,  
 For ev'ry Wound he gave soon clos'd again.  
 So rash *Tydidēs*, mounted in his Carr,  
 Pierc'd with his guilty Spear the God of War;  
 I ut soon the Parts that were divided join,  
 And shew'd the Hero God was all divine.

Thence with a fullen Gloom to *Pope* he went,  
 And pass'd the Guards to reach the Gen'ral's Tent.  
 And first by *Dart* the Critic bends his way,  
 By whom the *Roman Elegiac* lay;  
 But not the same that wrote in *Cæsar's* Days,  
 The stile so barren, and so rough the Lays;  
 Not by the soft, polite *Tibullus* known,  
 So chang'd the whole, it is almost his own.  
 But other Lines his just Attention drew,  
 And charm'd his Senses to a nearer View;  
 He saw what Justice to the Dead was shown;  
 And as he prais'd their Merit, shew'd his own.  
 On *Younge* he enter'd, whom he sleeping found,  
 With all his Works in noble Splendor round.  
 Upon his latest Rhymes he drew his Arms,  
 Enrag'd at Trifles that debase the Charms.  
 The rest he left untouch'd, to Merit true,  
 The Beauties many, and the Faults but few.  
 To *Fenton's* Charms he was excessive kind,  
 One of an hundred Lines he left behind.  
 After he gaz'd awhile on *Wesley's* Song,  
 Tho' few its Numbers, yet in Value strong,  
 From thence he augur'd an illustrious Fame,  
 And the sure Prospect of a greater Name.  
 Next to their mighty Chief he turn'd his Eye,  
 By whom he saw the deathless *Grecian* lye;  
 And *Shakespeare* stood, stupend'ous Ruins, by. }  
 Oh! mercenary Bard, the Critic cry'd,  
 For lesser Faults than these have Thousands dy'd;  
 Too dire an Instance of what Gold can do,  
 That thy own Country-man must suffer too!

Too weighty are thy Crimes for me to bear.  
 He spoke, and left the guilty Volumes there.  
 But in his other Works, what Beauties shine!  
 While sweetest Music dwells in ev'ry Line;  
 These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his Praise,  
 And bad them live to brighten future Days.  
 And now with Safety from their Camp he came,  
 And cast their Labours in a friendly Flame;  
 In Triumph from the Field he bends his way,  
 And leaves to others to decide the Day.  
 The Battle he forbore, for well he knew,  
 The Foe was potent, and his Days but few,  
 Resolv'd to keep the double Wreath his own,  
 Nor part the Laurel from the Ivy Crown.

As on he went, he saw approaching nigh  
 The Form of one that was, or seem'd, a Spy;  
 He seiz'd him as he trembling stood with Fear,  
 And thus demands the Cause that brought him  
 here.

Tell me, rash Youth, for such you seem to me,  
 What can your Bus'ness in the Forest be,  
 Thus arm'd, alone, now scarce the Night is fled,  
 To kill the Living, or to strip the Dead?  
 Tell me, for 'tis in vain to hope to fly,  
 Your Name, your Purpose; or expect to die.  
 He spoke; the Youth with Modesty reply'd,  
 Forbid it Gods your Will should be deny'd.  
 By some I'm rank'd among the Sons of Fame,  
 Of noble Birth, and *Savage* is my Name;  
 Hither I come, by other Motives led,  
 The Living nor to kill, nor strip the Dead;  
 Nor vainly conscious of my Worth I come,  
 Thoughtful to bear *Apollo's* Laurels home;  
 But, Oh! Report, (forgive a falling Tear,  
 'Tis much too little for a Loss so dear.)  
 Speaks of a Friend that fell, a Friend so true,  
 That makes the Hazard that I run his due;



His Body I design'd to take away,  
 That undistinguish'd lies with common Clay.  
 He ended thus, and thus the Critic said,  
 Grateful young Man, well shall thy Care be paid.  
 Where we so great a Sense of Friendship find,  
 We must conclude it from a noble Mind.  
 But oh! no longer for thy Friend complain;  
 Fate has decreed his Fall; thy Grief's in vain;  
 And for his Loss let this a Comfort be,  
 'The World shall soon begin to smile on thee.  
 The present Court shall make Desert its Care,  
 And ev'ry Art shall find a Patron there.  
 He spoke, and soon they saw the Morn from far,  
 And distant Heroes rising to the War;  
 They knew the Danger would attend the stay,  
 And to the Town they both direct their way.  
 And now the Brave begin to hail the Light,  
 While Cowards, fighting, wish it still was Night.  
 Fresh as the Morn the Chieftains start to Fame,  
 And rouse the Soldier's with their *Fair One's* Name.  
*Belinda*, and *Zelinda*, dear to Love,  
 Nymphs ever-blest'd in Song, fly round the Grove;  
 Such Magic Forces in their Names are found,  
 They all are eager to revive the Sound;  
 A Sound that frees their tortur'd Minds from Care,  
 And clears their clouded Brows of black Despair;  
 A Sound so much the plunder'd Warriors charms,  
 It makes them all forget their Loss of Arms;  
 Eas'd of their useless Lumber now they go,  
 At more Advantage to engage the Foe.

In dread Array both Armies meet again,  
 And long a fierce and equal War maintain;  
 Till *Amburst* drives off *Fenton* from the Field;  
 And *Amburst* is by *Wesley* forc'd to yield.  
*Jacob*, and *Tounge*, in Tragic Forces strong,  
 Find in each other a just Match in Song.  
 There *Pitt* and *Dart*, engag'd in single Fight,  
 War, by Example, in their Leader's Sight.

And

And now from far three neutral Troops are seen,  
*Pack, Smell, Tickell*, marching o'er the Green;  
 To *Pope* and *Wellsed* they direct their way;  
 And each a thousand little Wits obey.  
 The first a boist'rous Chief, in Body strong,  
 A Man of War, and not unblest in Song.  
 The next in Verse had labour'd long in vain,  
 Till he succeeded in the Tragic Strain;  
 Till from the Grave he rescued *Raleigh's* Name.  
 And nobly built his own on *Raleigh's* Fame.  
 The third by great, but doubtful Honours known,  
 And oft adorn'd with Glories not his own;  
 So bright, so dazzling was the Helm he bore,  
 Fit for a *Dryden* to have worn before.

As ready for the War the Chiefs appear,  
 All, of a sudden, are unnerv'd with Fear.  
*Philips* approach'd high in a Martial Carr,  
 Without Allies, and was himself a War.  
 His Helm was made with more than human Care,  
 And *Pindar*, with his *Theban* Lyre, was there.  
 Upon his Shield the deathless *Mantuan* stands,  
 And, bowing, gives his Pipe to *British* Hands.  
 There stood *Orestes*, in his wild Despair;  
 There *Gloucester's* Duke, and *Gwendolen* the Fair.  
 Thus arm'd, upon a thousand Wits he trod;  
 He drives along, and seems of Verse the God.  
 So great the Terror few had Strength to run,  
 And all, who could, the certain Danger shun.  
*Tickell* he stop'd, swift flying o'er the Field,  
 And strip'd him of the Arms he could not wield.  
*Addison's* Helm among his Arms he spy'd,  
 And thus remorseless to th' Impostor cry'd.  
 Here ends thy Kingdom, and thy Date of Fame;  
 Robb'd of thy borrow'd Pride, no more a Name;  
 Thus by my Hands shalt thou unpity'd go.  
 Then plung'd him headlong in the Stream below.

*Wellsed* and *Pope* alone his Fury staid,  
 When thus the God of Verse to *Wellsed* said.

Oh!

Oh! Bard belov'd, confess'd *Apollo* see,  
 (For all *Parnassus* is concern'd for thee.)  
 To thee I come, to warn thee from the Field,  
 Well tho' you fought, you must the Chaplet yield;  
 Nor at the Fortune of the Day repine,  
 For equal Honours shall e're long be thine.  
 Go, and be certain of *Apollo's* Aid.

He bow'd, and, with a Sigh, the God obey'd.  
 Mean while the Muses all their Care engage,  
 To save their Fav'rite from the Warrior's Rage;  
 They sent the lovely Nymphs of *Windsor's* Plain,  
 Whom he had sung in his immortal Strain,  
 Safe to their Grotto they their Bard convey,  
 While *Philips* bears the Laurel Crown away.

Thus he a great and easy Conquest gains;  
 And now on Earth the great *Apollo* reigns.

F I N I S.





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